UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

In Recital

KUNIKO FURUHATA, Mezzo Soprano

HELMUT BRAUSS, Piano

Sunday, February 22, 1987 at 8:00 p.m.

Programme

Qual farfaletta amante	Domenico Scarlatti (1685-1757)
Cara e dolce Le violette	Alessandro Scarlatti (1659-1725)
From Neun Deutsche Arien No. 6 Meine Seele hört im Sehen No. 4 Süsse Stille, sanfte Quelle No. 2 Das zitterude gläzen der spielenden Wellen	G. Friedrich Händel (1685-1759)

Assisted by Yoko Wong, violin

Auf dem See Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer Vergebliches Ständchen Mein Mädel hat einen Rosenmund	Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

INTERMISSION

Six songs for Children (1947) 1. A baby carriage (Ubaguruma) 2. A crow (Karasu) 3. Children of the Wind (Kaze no Kodomo) 4. Tanki Ponki (Tanki Ponki) 5. A silk tree (Nemu no Ki) 6. Good night (Oyasumi)	Yoshinao Nakada (b. 1922)
Aller Seelen Einerlei Ich wollt' ein Sträusslein binden Ständchen	Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

D. Scarlatti
Qual farfaletta amante : Like a Loving Butterfly

Like a loving Butterfly, I fly to the fire of love
which burns my longing heart.
But my love shall never die.

Your visage makes my longing heart sick
If I only could find peace.

A. Scarlatti
Cara e dolce : Sweet and mild

Sweet and mild freedom
How I weep, longing for you
and how I know the taste of tears

Le Violette : The Violets

Lowly violet, silent blowing,
Dewy fragrance, sweet bestowing;
Modestly thy charms halt hiding
Neath the leaflets green recesses,
They example calms and blesses,
My ambition gently chiding,
Bear this message, tender flowers,
To my fair one, in her bower:
say, like thee I'd come unto her,
As thy fragrance I would woo her,
As thy beauty o'aer her stealing,
From my fond heart love revealing.

F. Handel

1) My envisaging soul hears the jubilance of all, praising the lord
Listen - the blossoming splendor of spring is the language of nature, everpresent, speaking to us through our vision.

2) Sweet silence, gentle fountain of quiet equanimity
Even my soul receives joy, after the time of busy selfindulgence, when I see that inner peace which is given us eternally.

3) The vibrating glitter of the playful waves gives the shore a silvery, pearly shine
the streaming rivers, the bubbling fountains enrich and refresh the fertile land, spreading through such pleasant experience the grace of our glorious creator thousandfold.

J. Brahms
Auf dem See : On the Lake

Blue the water, blue the heaven,
vine-clad hills that fringe the shore,
far above the snows are driven deep upon the mountains hoar.

As the boat is lightly heeling, up and down the clouds are curled,
Sweet the peace of Heaven is stealing o'er the splendor of the world

Troubled hearts, give o'er your sorrow; light, life and love abound,
Joy and rest shall come tomorrow, from the Heaven above, around.

Landscapes lit with golden glory lie reflected deep below,
so reflect in tuneful story all the beauty earth can show.

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer :
Ever lighter grows my slumber

Ever lighter grown my slumber,
but my sorrows lie like a haze.
trembling over me,
Often in my dreams I hear you
calling outside my door,
no one is awake to let you in,
I wake and weep bitterly.

Yes, I shall have to die,
another will you kiss
when I am pale and cold,
Ere May breezes blow,
ere the thrush sings in the wood,
if you once more would see me,
come, oh, come soon!

Vergebliches Ständchen : Fruitless Serenade

He: Good ev'ning, my sweet one,
good ev'ning
my dear, good ev'ning
I love you more and more,
come open now your door,
Let me in, Let me in,
Open now your door.

He: But the night is so cold,
The wind is so wild,
So icy, so wild,
my heart is frozen through
my love is dying too,
Let me in, my child,
Pity me, pity me, my child.

She: Tight locked is my door and
you cannot come in.
Wise mother counselled me
Should I but turn this key
T'would be bad for me,
Yes, indeed, yes, indeed,
very bad for me.

She: Love that so cools
Can never be true,
Now quite enough you've said,
So you get home to bed,
Pleasant dreams to you
Pleasant dreams to you!

Mein Mädel hat einen Rosenmund :
My lass's lips are rosy red

My lass's lips are rosy red,
Her sweet soft kisses turn my head;
They do, they do, they do!
O la, la, la, la, la!
O la, la, la, la, la!
O lass I pine you!

Her red cheeks are like the morning glow,
At dawn above the winter snow.

Her eyes shine like two planets bright,
That shine and sparkle thru the night.

I think her fair as the ev'ning sky,
That arches blue up to heaven high.

Y. Nakada
Six songs for children

1) Ubaguruma : A baby carriage

A baby has the flu today.
Under the roof his baby carriage is left.
Such a long spring rain

His old nanny has a holiday today
In the garden his baby carriage is left.
A baby-sparrow is resting on it.

A baby and his old nanny together in the street today.
Flower leaves are dancing around the wheels of the baby carriage.

2) Karasu : A Crow

Where are you flying in the wind, crow?
The sea is wild.
Why are you crying?
The mountain is wild, too.

Nobody likes you, crow.
Why don't you change your black costume?
Dress with a golden sash!
Then you would be born as a king in the next life!

3) Kaze no Kodomo : Children of the wind

Children of the wind blow the bellflower in the mountain.
The bellflower then wakes up and sings.
The other flowers also wake up from their dreams.

Children of the wind touch the shell on the shore.
The shell is surprised and closes its door.
The other fishes also escape beyond the waves.

Six songs for children (continued)

4) Tanki Ponki : Tanki Ponki

The crow is picking the shells in the ricefields,
You crow and the shells are all living things,
So don't do it too harshly.
Even if the crow hears me he doesn't care.
He continues picking in the lazy spring weather.

5) Nemu no Ki : A silk tree

Sleep, sleep, silk tree.
Evening darkness is descending.
A sparrow flies back to his nest.
The evening stars appear.
A sparrow flies home.
A silk tree sleeps.

6) Oyasumi : Good night

Good night, good night.
Wild geese fly crying under the blue moon.

Their nest in the mountains is snowed in.
The wind blows the snow - hyúru - hyúru!

Good night, good night.
The bell is ringing from the temple.

The falling leaves are rustling.
Santa Claus tapped the window softly.

A warm light in the room.
Children are wrapped in the warm pijamas.
Good night, good night.

R. Strauss
Allerseelen : All soul's day

Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
Bring here the last of red asters,
And let us speak again of love,
As long ago in May.
Give me the hand that I may secretly clasp it
And if it is observed by others, I will not mind,
Give me one of your sweet glances,
As long ago in May.
Today each grave is flowering and fragrant,
Once a year it is All Soul's Day, -
Come to my heart that I again may have you,
As long ago in May.

Einerlei : Sameness

Your mouth is always the same,
But your kiss is each time different.

Your eyes are also the same,
Your glance is faithful

Oh, you sweet sameness,
How can you have so different faces.

Ich wollt' ein Sträusslein binden :
I wanted to arrange a little bouquet

I wanted to arrange a little bouquet, then the dark night came,
I found no flowers to bring you.
From my cheek tears were falling down,
I see a flower blossoming in the garden and
want to pluck it for you, but it begins to speak:
Ah, don't hurt me, be friendly in your heart and consider your own pain.
and let me not die in sorrow before the time comes.

If she hadn't said this in the lovely garden,
I could have the flower. But now it cannot be,
My lover has not come, I am so lonely.
In love there is deceit, it cannot be different.

Ständchen : Serenade

Open very quietly, my child,
Awake no one from his slumber,
The brook hardly murmurs; there scarcely flutters in the wind
A leaf, in the bushes or hedges,
Quietly, therefore, my sweet, so that nothing is stirred,
Quietly, lay your hand on the door latch.
With steps as gentle as those of elves
About to hop o'er the flowers,
Slip out quietly into the moonlit night,
And fly to me in the garden.
The flowers slumber about the rippling brook
And exhale fragrances in their sleep; only love is awake.
Sit down, here the shadows grow mysteriously dark
Under the linden trees;
The nightingale above our heads
Shall dream of our kisses,
And the rose, upon awakening in the morning,
Shall glow with the rapture of the night.